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A Mother's Work and Her Hopes

This editorial is not written for women. It is written for MEN, and for boys; for the millions who fail to appreciate the work that mothers do, for the millions that ignore the self-sacrifice and devotion upon which society is based.

On a hot night, in the dusty streets of a dirty city, you see hundreds of women sitting in the doorways, TAKING CARE OF BABIES.

In lonesome farm houses, far out on monotonous plains, with the late sun setting on a long day of hard work, you find women, cheerful and persevering, TAKING CARE OF BABIES.

In the middle of the night, in earliest morning, when MEN sleep, all over the world, in ice huts North, in Southern tents, in big houses, and in dingy tenements, you find women awake, cheerfully and gladly TAKING CARE OF BABIES.

We respect and praise the man selfishly working for himself.

If he builds up a great industry and a great personal fortune, we praise him.

If he risks his life for personal glory and for praise, we praise him.

If he shows courage even in saving his own carcass from destruction, we praise him.

There was never a man whose courage, or devotion, could be compared with that of a woman caring for her baby. The mother's love is unselfish, and it has no limit this side of the grave.

You will find ONE man in a thousand who will risk his life for a cause.

You will find a THOUSAND women in a thousand who will risk their lives for their babies.

Everything that a man has and is he owes to his mother. From her he gets health, brain, encouragement, moral character, and ALL his chances of success.

How poorly the mother's service is repaid by men individually, and by society as a whole!

The individual man feels that he has done much if he gives sufficient money and a LITTLE attention to her who brought him from nothingness into life and sacrificed her sleep and youth and strength for his sake.

Fortunately, it may truly be said that the great man is almost always appreciative of his greater mother.

Napoleon was cold, jealous of other men, monumentally egotistical when comparing himself with other sons of women. But he revered and appreciated the noble woman who bore him, lived for him, and watched over him to the end. He said:

"It is to my mother, to her good principles, that I owe my success and all I have that is worth while. I do not hesitate to say that the future of the child depends on the mother."

The future of the individual child depends on the individual mother, and the future of the race depends on the mothers of the race.

Think what has been done for mankind by thousands of millions of perfectly devoted mothers.

Every mother is entirely DEVOTED, entirely HOPEFUL, entirely CONFIDENT that no future is too great for her baby's deserts.

The little head—often hopelessly ill-shaped—rolls about feebly on the thin neck devoid of muscles. The toothless gums chew whatever comes along. The wondering eyes look feebly, aimlessly about, without focus or concentration. The future human being, to the cold-blooded onlooker, is a useless little atom added to the human sea of nonentity.

But to the mother that baby is the marvel of all time. There is endless meaning in the first mumbblings, endless soul in the senile, baby smile, unlimited possibilities in the knobby forehead and round, hairless head. She sees in the future of the baby responsibilities of government, and feels that one so perfectly lovely must eventually be acclaimed ruler by mankind.

As a result of perfect confidence in its future, the mother gives to every baby perfect devotion, perfect and affectionate moral education. Each child begins life inspired by the most beautiful example of altruism and self-sacrifice.

The mother's kindness forms moral character. The mother's confidence and encouragement stimulate ambition and inspire courage.

The mother's patient watchfulness gives good health, and fights disease when it comes.

The mother's wrathful protection shields the child from the stern and dwarfing severity of fathers.

Truly, a man may and should be judged by his feeling toward his own mother, and toward the mothers of other men—of ALL MEN.

In the character of Christ, whose last earthly thought on Golgotha was for His Mother, as in the character of the hard-working, ignorant man whose earnings go to make his mother comfortable, the most beautiful trait is devotion to the mother who suffers and works for her children, from the hours that precede their birth through all the years that they spend on earth together.

Honor thy father and THY MOTHER.

And honor the mothers of other men. Make their task easier through fair payment of the men who support the children, through good public schools for their children, through respectful treatment of ALL MEN.

The mother is happy. For she knows "the deep joy of loving some one else more than herself."

You honor yourself, and prove yourself worthy of a good mother and of final success, when you do something for the mothers of the world.

A Liberty Loan

By T. E. Powers



A Loveless Home

They Speak Only For the Benefit of Strangers.  
Living for the Effect On Someone Else.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

"MY husband and I have lived under the same roof for five years without speaking. When it is necessary for me to get money for household expenses or the children I write him a business letter and he sends me a check. We converse before people as if we were devoted; we have guests in to dinner who regard us as a model couple, but when we are alone we never exchange a word, or meet, or look at one another if it can be avoided. There is no prospect of a change in our relations. I have to endure this, as I have no independent means and must consider the future of my children which would be imperiled by an exposure of the family scandal. I have no talents or ability to make money which would help matters considerably."

Must Confide In Someone.

The foregoing is an extract from a letter, without name or address, and I conclude the writer has endured pent-up horrors so long that she feels she must confide in someone, even a stranger.

Domestic situations of this sort are, unfortunately, not as rare as their abnormality would lead one to suppose. There is the well-known case of the New England family consisting of a mother and two daughters; the daughters lived in the same house, sat at the same table, and went to church for forty years without speaking. Rode to funeral without speaking.

They rode to their mother's funeral in the same carriage without breaking silence; finally one of them became ill; the other, full of a grim sense of duty and New England conscience, nursed her sister faithfully; death at last broke the bonds, but the silence remained to the end.

Mary Wilkins Freeman has written of similar cases in her New England studies. The thing that always impressed me about domestic relationships of this kind is the comendous waste of energy involved in staying "mad." Think of the constant vigilance and perseverance that must be put into such militant neutrality.

Requires Energy to Stay "Mad." Think of being about to say something and then having to check it because one was "mad." Think of keeping up counterfeit conversations for the purpose of deceiving strangers at one's home table?

Think of the ghostliness of the whole situation—of talking, living, and having one's being less

the effect it produced on someone else. Think of living an abnormal life for the purpose of appearing normal. Think of having the outward aspects of affection and tenderness bestowed, while the heart of things was frozen?

Sanity revolts at such a state of affairs, at the endless deception, the elaboration of purpose in the interests of people not concerned. Why pay such deference to the world, then tear up one's own heartstone?

Was It Some Little Thing After All.

The poor lady who wrote to me did not divulge the cause of the family tragedy. Was it some little thing that has grown and thriven with the care, thought, and attention that the unfortunate couple have lavished upon it?

Or was it something that apparently warranted the stand they have taken? Again, could anything be sufficiently grievous to warrant such endless deception, such constant violation of one's sense of integrity?

If the cause of such bitter disagreement is irreconcilable, would not a dignified separation be better than all this spectral display of a domesticity that no longer exists?

The Question of the Children.

There is, too, the question of the children and their welfare. The wife says they would do less well if the true state of things were known. I almost doubt that. Children reared in an atmosphere of duplicity must expect some of the conditions about them. Children—until we adults warp their souls with false ideals—are so straightforward, so truthful, so wholesomely natural in their point of view, that they know instinctively, where we, with our duller perceptions, only surmise.

It would seem, in their interests, that the parents might attempt a reconciliation, or, that being out of the question, they might make the best of a separation. Anything seems better than the counterfeit amenities for the benefit of strangers, while the soul of the home is desolate.

I'd Get A "Job."

In the meantime, if I were that woman I'd fit myself for some kind of "job." Her letter is that of an intelligent woman, and these days, with opportunities of work be- seething us on every side, there is no excuse for a woman's humiliation in being a dependent. A few dollars in her purse that she can call her own will add greatly to her self-respect.

Serviss Writes on War

Generals Who Won Fame Young, Win Big Campaigns.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

A REMARKABLE feature of the great war has been the fact that, as far as the chief commanders are concerned, it is a war of old men. One is reminded of this every time he looks at a new set of portraits, showing the personalities that have come to the front in the latest shifting of the military kaleidoscope. Just now it is reported that Italy has decided to put young men in command, but it appears that the two most conspicuous "young men" talked about are aged respectively fifty-four and fifty-six years. This would be young, perhaps, for a philosopher, a savant, or a statesman, but it is not young for a soldier. History shows that great military genius burns itself out early. Napoleon was in his grave at fifty-two and Alexander at thirty-three.

World history has known four supremely great generals, to say nothing of such men as Cyrus and Cambyses, concerning whom we know too little to fix their rank in the military pantheon, and all won glory young. The Great Four are Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Napoleon. They are the Dog Stars of war; no other luminary of their order. Every one of them, except Caesar, astonished the world with victories when under thirty years of age, and even Caesar was but forty-four when he began his conquests in Gaul, and he finished his fighting at fifty-six.

Napoleon Fought Young.

Napoleon was only twenty-seven when his Italian campaigns announced the beginning of a revolution in the art of war. It is interesting to note that the generals pitted against Napoleon at the start of his career were comparable in age and experience with most of those who have been leading the armies of Europe during the last three years. They were like chaff before the whirlwind when confronted with his youthful genius.

Hannibal crossed the Alps and marched upon Rome at the age of twenty-nine. At forty-five his fighting days ended, and his genius sunk in eclipse at Zama, where Scipio, aged thirty-five, overcame the fading terror of Rome. Hannibal lived to the age of sixty-four—but like a toothless lion. The flame in his brain was long since extinct. Critical historians have often repeated the opinion that Napoleon was already too old at Waterloo.

War's Big Demands.

The handling of great armies, and the co-ordination of operations over a vast field were special features of Napoleon's genius. Never was there another such opportunity for a mind of his breadth, penetration and grasp as that which is now presented. One almost imagines him flitting in his tomb as the sounds of this awful struggle roll over his beloved France! As Dr. Faustus in Marlowe's drama longed to see the face of Helen, "that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium," so would I fain behold the figure of Napoleon which Hoffmann saw at Dresden, coming on at the head of his breathless soldiers, "with the eye of a tyrant and the voice of a lion," but now leading, as he led in his earliest years of glory, the defenders of freedom against the armed hosts of autocracy.

Alexander, full of youthful vim

Electric Light Rates Should Fall

A Few News Items From All Over the Country Showing the Trend of Rates. War Costs Should Be CLOSELY Analyzed By the Consuming Public.

By EARL GODWIN.

Washington is right on its toes regarding electric light rates and service and it may not be amiss for me to point out a few happenings in the big world outside. Electric light corporations are asking for increases, basing their request on the claim that war prices are making it impossible for them to continue at the old rates.

In towns and cities where the utilities' commission is awake the corporations are subjected to close scrutiny. In Dallas, Tex., for instance, in the fall of 1917, the public procured a CHEAPER rate. Three cents a kilowatt hour was taken from the charge. The Dallas rate runs from 8 cents down to 3.6 cents.

Houston's rate has been reduced so that NOW IT IS 5 CENTS DOWN TO 1.75 CENTS. The Houston rate used to be 12 cents. Following the investigation of a competent, expert, considerable water was pumped from the Houston company and the rate was reduced. We have a situation here exactly like Houston's was. High rates to pay dividends on water.

Fort Worth, Tex., has reduced the electric light rates of the private corporation from 10 to 8 cents. Beaumont, Tex., has effected a 20 per cent reduction.

Cincinnati has reduced its privately owned rates from 9 cents to 8 cents for the next four years.

In Indiana two privately owned plants asked for a temporary excess charge on light bills during the war. The utilities commission held that the companies proved their case only in the higher cost of production because of fuel price increases. It also held that the "relatively high rate of 7 cents" to small consumers was based not on cost of production but on cost of distribution, collections, etc., and, hence, could not be affected much by coal prices. Indiana, therefore, allowed only an excess charge of half a cent to BIG consumers. No charge was made in the small consumers' rate.

The action of typical municipally owned plants indicates how little ground there is in the present situation for a boost in rates. The Cedar Falls, N. D., municipal plant has in the past year reduced the bills of consumers by 9 per cent.

The 1917 report of the Richmond, Ind., municipal plant shows that its earnings for the year were 12 per cent and that its operating costs were only increased 10 per cent. This moderate increase in operating costs stands out in striking contrast to the extravagant claims of some electric light men.

Here are two other towns where rates have been cut instead of being boosted to meet an alleged war cost:

Greenwood, S. C., has reduced its rates for electric current to 8 cents, with a special rate of 3 cents for heating and cooking. Ashtabula, Ohio, which in 1916 cut the rate from 8 cents to 7 cents, has now actually cut the rate to 5 cents.

HEARD AND SEEN

TOM GRANT ought to know that the clock on the Chamber of Commerce is half an hour fast.

JOHN ANSCHUTZ, 1008 Park road, says:

"I have just finished reading the clerk's letter in The Times, saying that a half hour is not time enough in which to satisfy one's noon-day appetite. Perhaps it isn't; but what are the clerks going to do about it? Of course, if Uncle Sam chooses to give us an extra half hour at noon, that half hour will be thankfully received; but how many would want to take an hour for lunch and quit at 5 o'clock instead of 4:30?"

W. A. SCHLOBOHM, whose office is in the RIGGS building, claims that it takes ten hours to send a letter by special delivery to his office from the City Postoffice.

Have you seen the Liberty Loan Traveling Bank? It is a bond selling institution on wheels, run by gasoline. Decorated with streamers, flags, and lights, it is the most patriotic looking bank on wheels. It is an official institution. Any department store or office manager who wants to get the bond-truck to drive to his door at any time and sell bonds to employees, with a whoop and a flourish, telephone to C. W. SEMMES, Main 9790.

One day LEE THURMAN happened to be acting secretary of Commerce, MR. REDFIELD being out of town.

It also happened that a light house inspection steamer ran out of coal.

The Department of Commerce sent to the Coal Administration for an order for the steamer's fuel and Acting Secretary Thurman signed the order.

Back it came:

"We can't take orders from subordinate officials," said the Fuel Administration with its head in the air, and do you know, because of that stupid bit of red tape the light inspection steamer hung around in port for one week.

SAVE THE FATS.

All right. But I would like to know why the Government allows butter to be tinted with artificial coloring, but compels me to buy white nut butter with "Oleo" stamped all over it and bring it home and color it myself. If the factory can tint cow butter for them as can afford to buy it, why can't the factory color the nut butter for us as has to eat it?

STRICTLY PERSONAL.

MURKINER: What's the matter with the police and what's the matter with you?

LONESOME. Walked into a saloon on Ninth street last night and asked Eddie, the bartender:

"Where's the Boss?"

Eddie's sad reply was:

"Gone to Baltimore to get a drink."

J. D. H.

If you have the strength to resist the offensive made by a suggestion in re the traffic policemen's post, may I add a name to the collection printed in "Heard and Seen"? It occurs to me that the structure might be called a Hub-bub.

Verily it requires courage to share this with you.

ALICE HUTCHINS DRAKE,

2611 Adams Mill Road.

One of the monstrosities of the WRECO is the so-called "Bureau of Engraving car," which runs from Mt. Pleasant. It becomes a Bureau car at New York avenue, where it is boarded each morning before 7:30 by twice as many passengers as it will accommodate. In order to carry out the full policy of the management, it might be decorated with a "Public Be Damned" sign.

Why not run shuttle cars to the Bureau from New York avenue? Why not use the street space the W. B. and A. has GRABBED and place therein three or four shuttle cars to meet the morning and evening Bureau rush?

That middle-of-the-block stop on Ninth between F and G makes it not very convenient for those who come down Ninth and transfer to G street. Oh, yes; very nice—just walk about a block.

Fred S. Walker says: "Why single out one spot and say that the paving between the car tracks is rotten? More worthy of attention would be the mention of a spot where the car company has maintained decent paving. But the come of car-track paving is out on Georgia avenue, where the car company laid the cobblestones that rested on Seventh street for forty years."

I see that my old friend "Bon" is clerk at R. S. Down's new hotel at Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue. Bon is as widely known as any man on the continent. For twelve years or more he was at the Planters' in St. Louis.

If the officers of the local car companies "stall" around too long they will lose the opportunity to make good before the Government does it for them.